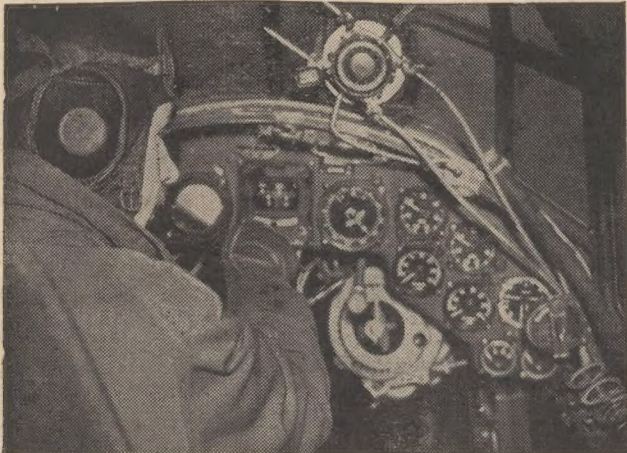


Good Morning 334

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Watch these "RAFWAFFE" Boys do their Stuff

THE strangest of all the Royal Air Force's "flying circuses" is the "Rafwaffe," a name coined by joining together the names of the British and German air arms. Under the command of Flight-Lieut. Lew Lewendon, who wears a Nazi flying badge beneath his R.A.F. wings, each man of the squadron flies a German plane that has been captured intact and sent to a special R.A.F. station to be overhauled by experts familiar with most enemy aircraft.

These machines are then flown by the experts who find out all their secrets. The "circus" tours many R.A.F. bases to demonstrate every known enemy form of attack. This gives young pilots, yet to be "blooded," an opportunity of studying at first-hand, without undue risk, the type of machines and pilots they will meet in action.

Known as the German Aircraft Flight, these men, by their daring and resource, have been responsible for a constant supply of useful information being sent to the Air Ministry for careful study.

They are part of a huge team of test pilots and other experts who perform invaluable work behind the scenes. Little is ever heard about them, yet their work can be seen in the sky where we are now masters of the Luftwaffe.

Sometimes we are handed "on a plate" a new German plane—but not often. I well remember the surprise that was created when a hitherto unknown type of German plane landed, by accident, on a certain British airfield. The ground-crew of an aircraft that had gone out on a patrol were awaiting its return

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

(From Colin Wells)

when the sound of a machine overhead caused them to prepare for action. When a grey shape appeared from out of the mist one man climbed aboard his bike and cycled towards the plane as it touched down on the runway. On reaching it, however, he nearly fell from his machine with shock—for it bore the swastika!

At once he summoned help and the German crew were taken prisoner. What they said to their observer is nobody's business; you see, he reckoned he was over a French airfield when they landed!

Thanks to his mistake we were able to find out secrets about a machine the Luftwaffe reckoned might cause us a great deal of trouble.

Since this incident the Germans, in many types of new machines, have fitted special explosive charges that can be fired if the pilot fears he might have to "force land" and so allow the plane to fall into our hands.

Just as we spend a great deal of money, and much valuable time, in finding out the enemy's air secrets, so do we follow a similar policy with regard to our own aircraft.

Whenever our giant bombers return from a mission over Germany the squadron officers and civilian experts of the Operational Research Section of Bomber Command are on call if a machine has puzzling or unusually heavy damage.

More often than not these damaged bombers carry with them secrets that play a big part in our future strategy and building plans. Under the skilled eyes of scientists and research experts—for that's what these "Back-Room Boys" of Bomber Command are—shattered girders or shell-pocked fuselage often show the changing tactics of the Luftwaffe's night-fighters or the vulnerability of the bomber to other forms of attack.

Every badly-damaged aircraft is used as a lesson for our plane builders, and these experts, in the course of their

careful investigations, are often able to suggest where improvements might be made.

When a machine has been thoroughly examined a chart is built and a picture of the attack is slowly drawn. Distance of attack, angle, and the probable manoeuvre of the German pilot is placed on record, and by this method the experts are able to decide whether or not the enemy are using new forms of attack. If they are, well, the necessary "antidotes" are drawn up!

By this careful method of checking damaged R.A.F. planes our machines have continued to improve—and the men who fly them to have the best possible information about the enemy they face.

The life of every man who flies, however, depends upon the test pilots, that band of heroes who risk their own lives so that the R.A.F. may be sure of the machines they fly. It is the aim of these dare-devils to find out the secrets of the planes we ourselves produce, and the manner in which they go about their work is best illustrated by pointing out that R.A.F. losses in training are for ever on the decline.

One of the best-known is Flight-Lieut. Phillip Lucas, who tests many of the Hawker Company's splendid planes. When he took aloft the now-famous Typhoon on its earliest flight the plane, high above the countryside, developed serious trouble.

No one would have blamed Lucas had he baled out—but he would not dream of such a suggestion. High above Britain, knowing that death would be his lot if he failed, Lucas fought for control of the plane. And he won, bringing the Typhoon down in a perfect landing. For his courage he was given the George Medal—but what pleased him most of all was his successful testing of what some consider the finest fighter-bomber in the world.

To-day many famous test pilots are securing fame in other directions. Wing-Commander ("Cat's Eyes") Cunningham, for example, the night-fighter ace, is a former test pilot. So is Air-Marshal Hill, commander of the Air Defence of Great Britain. General Doolittle, who led the raid upon Tokio, gained early fame as a "tester," as did General Patrov, second-in-command of the Red Air Force. The men who have followed them are, as I said earlier, performing great deeds in the silent work that is bringing victory so much nearer.

Their actions, not words, are what they themselves think most about, and it is this desire to serve that has caused the enemy to realise that the Luftwaffe, despite its long start, can no longer hope to compete with the British Empire's Men With Wings.

HE WAS MEAN—BUT A FLYPAPER HANGED HIM

WHAT can you make of a man who, being charged with murder, provides the police with the clue they are seeking?

Henry Frederick Seddon, insurance superintendent, who was convicted of the killing of old Miss Barrow, did that. I don't think the police even thanked him for giving them the means to hang him.

Before I tell this amazing story, I wish to oppose the estimate of Seddon as laid down by the late Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., D.L.

Birkenhead stated that Seddon was a miser, and that "greed was his overmastering passion." The truth is that Seddon, born in Lancashire, became an insurance agent, and was district superintendent for Islington in 1901. He made his way (in Birkenhead's own admission) by "conspicuous industry and trustworthiness."

It is also true that Seddon set his wife up in a second-hand clothing shop, speculated in cheap property, and occasionally "walked on" at suburban theatres for half-a-crown a performance. But in this Seddon did no more or less than many men do. He probably got a thrill in "walking on" at theatres. He was always open to make money, but nobody said he was dishonest. At worst he could not be charged with miserliness for money's sake. If he made money in mean ways, he did it for his wife as well as for himself; she was not in want when he was hanged.

BUT old Miss Barrow was a miser, if ever there was one. She came to live in Seddon's house in Tollington Park—which he had bought when property was "depressed"—in 1910, with Ernie Grant, a boy of about seven years, an orphan of one of Miss Barrow's relatives. She paid twelve shillings weekly for four rooms.

Eliza Mary Barrow was then about fifty, unmarried, eccentric, deaf, unclean in her habits, inclined to drink, quarrelsome. She had a capital of about £4,000, mainly in certain stock, and the leasehold of a pub and a shop. She also carried about with her a hoard of gold and notes in a cash-box.

Before she was a week with the Seddons there was trouble about trivial matters. She asked Seddon to turn out a Mr. and Mrs. Hook (who were distant relatives of hers), who were also in the house. The Hooks were ejected. Then Miss Barrow came to Seddon, according to his account, and asked him to take charge of her cash-box. He asked her how much was in it, and she said about £35. He refused to accept responsibility unless she counted the contents and took a proper receipt. But she took her cash-box away and did not return with it.

Later, Miss Barrow became worried about her investments owing to a Lloyd George Budget. She was in terror of poverty, and Seddon talked over with her the question of buying an annuity. Finally she agreed, and he, being an insurance agent, put the matter through, so that she had a regular income of £10 a month and her rooms free in exchange for the stock and titles to the leaseholds.

Seddon sold the stock and bought a cheap house or two on mortgage with the proceeds; and Miss Barrow then got nervous about a bank, on which there was a run, and lifted her deposit. Seddon accompanied her. She drew £216 in gold and put it in her cash-box, and put the box in her trunk.

In August, 1911, Miss Barrow became ill. There was a minor epidemic of diarrhoea in the neighbourhood, and the doctor who was called in diagnosed it as just another case. Later, two doctors were called, and both thought the same thing. On the night of September 13th she died.

It was Seddon who reported her death to the doctor, and the doctor, having attended the case, gave him a death certificate to the effect that Miss Barrow had died of epidemic diarrhoea.

Next morning Seddon visited a local undertaker and arranged for a cheap funeral. The undertaker suggested an

STUART MARTIN tells

"What Criminal Forgot"

inclusive fee of £4, but Seddon suggested that all the money available was £4 10s., and the doctor's fee had to be paid. The burial fee was finally agreed on at £3 7s. 6d. Miss Barrow was buried. A very mean funeral.

Some relatives of Miss Barrow who lived not far away learned by chance that she was dead. They called on Seddon, expecting, no doubt, to benefit from the will. (Miss Barrow had often expressed a vague suspicion of her relatives being kind to her for "future benefits.")

Anyway, these relatives were told by Seddon that he had sent them a letter notifying Miss Barrow's death (they never got it), and also informed them that by Miss Barrow's will, signed only three days before her death, all her remaining property was left to Ernie Grant and his little sister, with Seddon as sole trustee until they became of age.

There was also a letter written by Miss Barrow to the effect that she "did not wish any relatives to benefit at her death." No doubt the relatives were irritated at not being remembered more happily by Miss Barrow, and finally a communication was made to the police. A month later Miss Barrow's body was exhumed and an inquest opened.

Seddon was arrested on December 4th and charged with the wilful murder of his tenant by the administration of arsenic.

Now, in English law there is sometimes a difficulty where circumstantial evidence is concerned. A court is said to consider an accused person innocent until proved guilty. But where circumstantial evidence is strong, it often turns out that the trial is, in effect, a trial to make the accused prove himself innocent.

The prosecution could not prove that Seddon had given arsenic to Miss Barrow. It was assumed he did. I wonder if he would not have left the court free had he allowed matters to remain as they were. But he didn't.

Two days after he was arrested he sent a letter, through his solicitor, asking his daughter, Maggie (a very young girl), to buy some flypapers. He explained that Mrs. Seddon had thought it might be possible for the poison to have been taken from flypapers in Miss Barrow's room, and he wished the flypapers to be analysed in support of this theory.

And that gave the police the clue they were seeking. There was arsenic in flypapers. The police made many inquiries about previous purchases; and Mrs. Seddon also was arrested, and joined her husband at the Old Bailey trial on March 4th, 1912.

There was a great array of counsel on both sides. Witnesses for the prosecution came to say that Seddon's girl, Maggie, had bought flypapers a few days before Miss Barrow died.

It was also alleged (by the man Hook who had been ejected) that Miss Barrow's cash-box had contained about £400 in gold as well as banknotes. Evidence was given to prove that Mrs. Seddon had changed some £5 banknotes which had belonged to Miss Barrow and had endorsed them with a false name. In all, thirty of these notes had passed through the hands of the Seddons.

The doctors who had attended Miss Barrow declared their medicines had not contained arsenic. Dr. Willcox, Home Office Analyst, declared there were over two grains of arsenic in Miss Barrow's body, and the cause of death was arsenical poisoning. He had used Marsh's test.

For the defence, Mr. Marshall Hall scorned the suggestion that Seddon, who was no scientist, knew how to extract arsenic from flypapers, and how to administer it when doctors were attending the patient. He emphasised that the reason Seddon had asked his daughter to buy the flypapers was because Mrs. Seddon, racking her brain to explain the arsenic, thought of this. There had been flypapers in the sick room, but after the fatal illness began. Was it not possible that the invalid, tortured by thirst, had drunk the water in which the flypapers lay in a bowl next her bed?

Seddon himself gave evidence. His demeanour was cool, his answers were glib. By that coolness, that glibness, he created a feeling against him.

The result of it all was that Mrs. Seddon was found Not Guilty, but Seddon was found Guilty. I remember that trial. I remember Seddon giving his wife a loud kiss before she was carried, hysterical, from the court.

He faced the Judge. Had he anything to say before sentence was passed? He had a lot. At the end he lifted up his hand, gave a Masonic sign, and cried, "I declare before the Great Architect of the Universe, I am not guilty."

The Judge (Bucknill) was thrown off his guard for a moment. He, too, was a Mason. But sentence was pronounced.

Some time later Mrs. Seddon sold a statement to a newspaper saying she had seen her husband administer the arsenic; then she retracted this statement on oath. She later married again and went to America.

But Seddon himself was hanged in April, 1912. For that letter he wrote was seen by the police, and his daughter Maggie's errand for the flypapers hanged her father. He forgot that prisoners' letters are not secret.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But True

Made for the most part by criminals, there are still fragments left of roads the Romans built in England. The best-known run from Kent to Cardigan (Watling Street), from St. David's to Tynemouth (Icknield Way), from Cornwall to Lincoln (Fosse), and from St. David's to Southampton (Ermin Street).

Westminster Cathedral was built between 1893 and 1905, on the site of a women's prison, and the interior is still far from complete. Its great campanile, 283 feet high, is a distinguishing architectural feature. Unhappily, more than one suicide resulted from its free opening to the public, and later permission had to be obtained to go to the top of the tower.

Windows were originally apertures for the admission of wind into houses.

Back to the Counter goes the Grocer

BY virtue of his elevation to carpenter's rating, Pybus rested a proprietorial hand upon the brake of the windlass as the *Herod Antipas* gathered way on the last lap. With mild curiosity he stared at that prophetic whisky advertisement above the Casino Palace Hotel, welcoming empire builders to the gateway of the East. Halfway along the breakwater the green bronze statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps also claimed his attention, mainly through the strange behaviour of a man who sprang up from its pedestal.

Mr. Mahaffy was very, very angry. He ran along the breakwater, keeping pace with the ship, screaming all the naughtiest words in his vocabulary through his cupped hands. From time to time he shook his fist, and otherwise expressed his disapproval of Reginald Pybus in vivid pantomime. When the end of the breakwater rendered further pursuit impossible, the cross-eyed gentleman continued to register resentment by leaping up and down. The grocer blew him a kiss.

Down in the engine-room the pointer of the strident telegraph oscillated, then stiffened unwaveringly on "Full speed ahead." The flat-roofed buildings of Port Said sank beneath the horizon, like a lift load of crates vanishing into a warehouse cellar. Once again the old tramp had entered that last stretch whose landmarks are more familiar to the sailor than the unchanging sequence of Tube stations to a homing bank clerk.

Only Pybus could not recognise the Damietta lighthouse, or the secretive island of Pantellaria, where Italian prisoners once

linguished in exile. Through the bottle-neck Straits of Gibraltar, with "numbers" streaming at the fore as they passed the Rock, and up to Cape St. Vincent, where the morse lamp haltingly answered the roll-call of Lloyd's. A slow wallowing across the Bay, a wide berth for Ushant behind its treacherous shoals, and the *Herod Antipas* was fairly into those latitudes where the seaman, confident in his approaching discharge, greets unpopular orders with a rude request to kiss his ear.

It was a chill September dawn when they picked up the London pilot at Dungeness. In spite of their thick jerseys, the sailors putting over the Jacob's ladder shivered violently, their blood thinned by months in the tropics. The sturdy apprentices see-sawing in the dinghy overside held up their hands for the Captain's customary largesse of tobacco, indifferent to the biting wind which whipped the unbuttoned shirts from their naked chests.

As the old tramp swung round the North Foreland she was caught up in the ever-thickening traffic converging into the funnel of the estuary. Across her bows sailing barges leaned away on long tacks, seeming, with their warm red canvas, like propositions fleeing from the pages of Euclid. Drab dredgers slunk seaward, anxious to be rid of their unsavoury cargo, and a paddle steamer flapped past, its blue-faced trippers huddled in the lee of the funnel for warmth. Bell-buoys squirmed in the groundswell, adding their clanking dirge to the greedy shrieking of the Irish pilots. Overside the water became thicker and more murky with every turn of the screw.

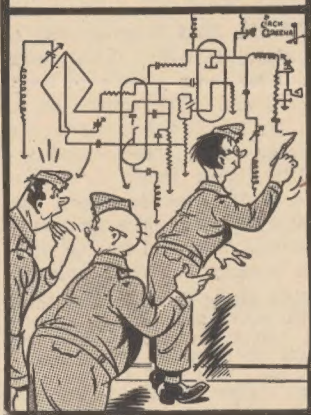
The men coming off watch were lining up outside the mate's cabin, drawing Channel money to cover their needs until they were paid off. Pybus did not take his place with them, however, for he was in no immediate want of cash. With a thrift which had drawn forth horrified protest from Hairy Butler at the time, the grocer had exchanged the bulk of his poker windfall into English pound notes. The same careful foresight now prompted him to dive into the foc'sle and untie the canvas seabag which he had made in his spare time.

Spreading a suit unmistakably cut in America, he attached braces to the trousers, and methodically arranged money, handkerchief and tobacco in the jacket pockets. From a matchbox he took studs and cuff-links, fitted them into the yellow silk shirt from Yokohama, and laid collar and salmon pink necktie beside it. Removing suspenders from the crown of his Australian wideawake, he fastened them to his socks, and bestowed an unnecessary polish on the brown shoes which Calvert had overlooked in his flight. Having surveyed these

preparations with quiet satisfaction, Pybus was half-way out on deck when another thought struck him. He came back and turned the legs of his socks partly inside out, to facilitate their ultimate assumption.

An order to anchor off Gravesend proved his urgency unnecessary; it was after nightfall when the *Herod Antipas* locked into Tilbury Dock. Hoarse-voiced dock-masters stormed through their megaphones, and the black heaving lines snaked out, eager to be first ashore. Steam hissed in clouds from clattering winches

USELESS EUSTACE



"Said he was on radio location, and all I remarked was, 'Well! What'd you know about that?'"

as the dripping shore lines rose from the water, the bights slowly tightening into taut, vibrating bars.

"Heave away aft . . . Surge a bit . . . Avast heaving," bellowed China Hughes, and fainter voices took up the orders and passed them on. "Make fast everything."

Up on the bridge Old Dick felt for the notch on the midship spoke, and spun the wheel to rest. He pulled up the windows, and looked the deserted wheelhouse behind him as the Captain strode to the telegraph and signalled, "Finished with the engines." The gangway was already in position on the fore-deck, and dockers were flinging hatchboards noisily to the decks in their eagerness to get at the cargo.

Pybus paused on his way down from the foc'sle head and stared at the newcomers with distaste. Who were these strangers to burst thus unceremoniously into his own ship, ignoring him and messing everything about? Why did they put on that absurd Cockney accent? Even the foc'sle itself was not sacred to them, that sailor's castle which the Captain entered almost on sufferance. Brass-bound customs rummagers were rooting about in the very

bunks, just as if they owned the place. Why didn't Hairy and the others throw them out?

But Hairy and his other shipmates were too busy scrambling for possession of the few buckets available to pay any attention to their ancient enemies. They ran about in all stages of undress, striving to shave, and to wipe off the oil which stuck to their hands after mauling wire backsprings. Time and the licensing laws wait for no man, and they'd drawn their money. The Professor kindly offered the grocer a share of his own private bucket.

Dressed at last, Pybus descended the gangway and set off along the quay. His feet straddled wide apart on the unyielding concrete, as though he feared to be caught off his guard by some sudden lurch. Once or twice he slid his fingers round inside his collar; it seemed that the unaccustomed garment choked him.

"Hey, teagrocer, where are ye bound for?" roared Hairy Butler, as Pybus reached the end of

THE SEA-GREEN GROCER

By Jaspar Power

PART XX

the quay. "There's a good pub up here on the bridge."

"I'm going to the 'Flags of All Nations,'" replied the grocer, making for the station.

"Off to see yer judy, are ye?" jeered the Irishman. "I suppose we'll see ye at the Shipping Office all tattooed up wid new embellishments. Get a large big heart, Queer Fella, thransfused be an arra; ye'll have her then in a round turn and two half hitches." "Lay off, Hairy," replied the grocer coldly, and went in to get his ticket.

As he impatiently paraded the platform, Pybus felt something hard sticking into the small of his back. From force of habit he had buckled on his belt with its keen-edged sheath-knife still attached. Ignoring the unprintable proverb about the sailor without a knife, he slipped into the dark waiting-room and hid it beneath the seat. Two minutes later, Reginald Pybus took his place in a third-class compartment, and went back to his grocer's shop.

END

DIRECT HIT AT BILLION MILES

A NEW celestial object, either a comet or a minor planet, recently whizzed within a million miles of the earth. Astronomers at Harvard and Berkeley spotted it—and report that the object was a few minutes short of being a direct hit!

But why worry? The minor planet, *Hermes*, got within 475,000 miles of the earth in 1937, and each day 20,000,000 meteors actually crash their way into the world's atmosphere.

Yet nobody ever bothers to build a meteor shelter. Millions of these visitors from outer space dissipate into fine dust as soon as they enter our upper crust of sky. Thousands more hurtle harmlessly into the sea.

Sometimes motorists and farming folk say meteors have missed them by a few feet. Scientists usually smile at these stories.

On most occasions when people feel that they have had narrow escapes they are hundreds of miles out in their estimate of the meteor's position.

Yet at the little village of Beelsby, near Grimsby, not long ago, a meteorite, the size of a football, stunned two men, scorched the face of another, twisted a weather-vane, and tore up a pathway

before it buried itself appropriately in the village churchyard.

Dr. Terry Holden's recent adventurous expedition into the wilds of British Guiana, too, had a path thirty miles long through the jungle.

Convinced of the anger of the gods, the native bearers flung down their loads and refused any longer to help the white men intruders.

Equally convinced of the superiority of man, Dr. Holden calmly wirelessed a graphic running commentary on the terror in the jungle, and his story was relayed throughout the world.

Even a mediocre meteor is valuable to museums. Some meteors, rich in mineral content, are worth £10 a ton.

Buried 1,400 feet below the ground at Canyon Diablo, in Mexico, is a meteorite three miles round, containing 91 per cent. pure iron, plus nickel, platinum and iridium.

A company took a 99-year drilling lease, and then found that the meteor mineral rock

QUIZ for today

1. A gerbe is a small horse, priest, garment, firework, pimple, grammatical term?
2. Who wrote (a) Bitter Sweet, (b) Precious Bane?
3. What is the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats as the crow flies, in round figures?
4. With what sports do you associate (a) a baffle, (b) a quiver?
5. What is the capital of the Scilly Islands?
6. What well-known sailor had a sweetheart named Poll?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Gentian, Genuslect, Geocentric, Gehenna, Gaesha, Gemsbock.
8. With what instruments would you play a game of "Shanghai"?
9. What was the original name of Tasmania?
10. What is a "flucking iron," and in what game is it used?
11. What garden in London is associated with music and cabbages?
12. Give four birds whose names end with "finch."

Answers to Quiz in No. 333

1. Young cow.
2. (a) W. S. Maugham, (b) Oscar Wilde.
3. Acre is square measure; others are long measure.
4. 48.
5. The State Prison in Paris (now destroyed).
6. Maggie Murphy's.
7. Lintel, Lilliputian.
8. About 40.
9. The xylophone.
10. Sulphuric acid.
11. The 1812 Overture, by Tchaikovsky.
12. Esau, Absalom, Samson.

turned the edge of the toughened steel drills. So there the meteor still lies—a fortune within the grasp of man, but defying his attempts to mine it.

Other meteorites have yielded diamonds and quantities of carbon.

A few years ago, prospectors in the Central Australian desert discovered a meteor field. No fewer than nineteen craters had been blasted out by the meteorites, and fragments of these sky-shells dotted around were found to be pure nickel and iron.

In South Africa, similarly, there are so many meteorites that the Government, with an eye to their value, has prohibited their export.

Peter Davis

WANGLING WORDS—282

1. Put get out in INIY and make wickedness.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? **Rebak on sword bosen drah.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SEA into DOG and then back again into SEA, without using the same word twice.
4. What racecourse is hidden in the following sentence? **Will you keep some of those oranges for me?** (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 281

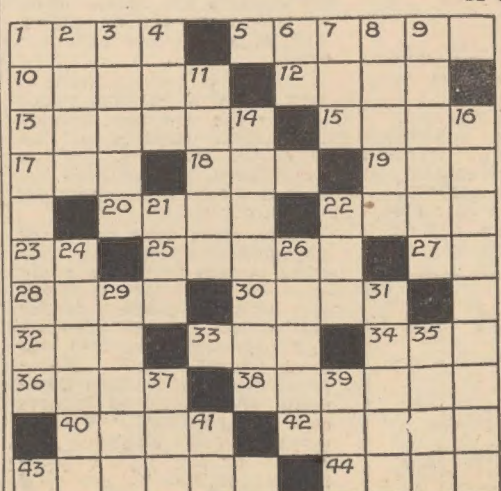
1. A BoriginEE.
2. Penny wise, pound foolish.
3. BOIL, coil, coin, corn, core, coke, cake, BAKE, bare, barn, born, boon, coom, cool, tool, toil, BOIL.
4. Or-a-tor.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Temporary quarters. 5 Boy's name. 10 In front. 12 Complaining sound.



CLUES DOWN. 1 Horse's trappings. 2 Nautical cry. 3 Unit of length. 4 Strike gently. 6 Marines. 7 Plaything. 8 Stem. 9 Remove from anchorage. 11 Stupid. 14 Drove briskly. 16 Those away. 21 Say further. 22 Limb. 24 Rules of conduct. 26 Duck. 29 Shadow. 31 Salt. 35 Impel. 37 Note of music. 39 Heavy. 41 Time of day.

- 13 Dawdle.
- 15 Cougar.
- 17 Scottish county.
- 18 Horse.
- 19 Cricket delivery.
- 20 Direction.
- 22 Boy's name.
- 23 That is.
- 25 Discourage.
- 27 About.
- 28 Sort of button.
- 30 Main branch of tree.
- 32 Electrical unit.
- 33 Letter.
- 34 Groove.
- 36 Cocoa-bean fragments.
- 38 Wish.
- 40 Whip handle.
- 42 Compass.
- 43 Hymns.
- 44 Stains.

MALLOW FUR
OBOE HOOPOE
TRUDGE GRAM
HAT RAP ORE
D POTATO S
RELIC RATTY
E AGENCY H
ARC ROE GAP
LAUD ULTIMO
MINION ABEL
LAG STRESS

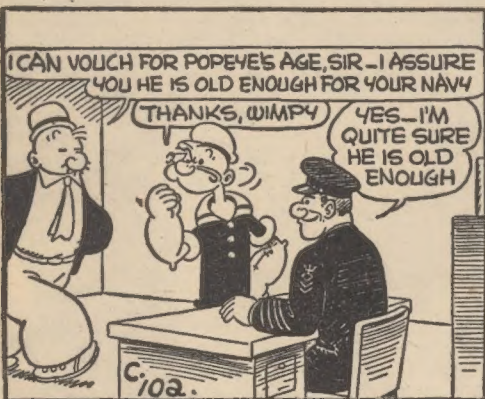
BEELZEBUB JONES



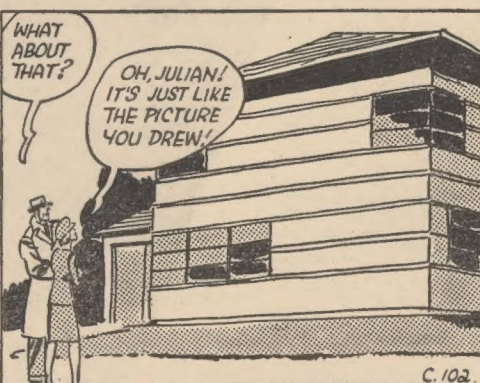
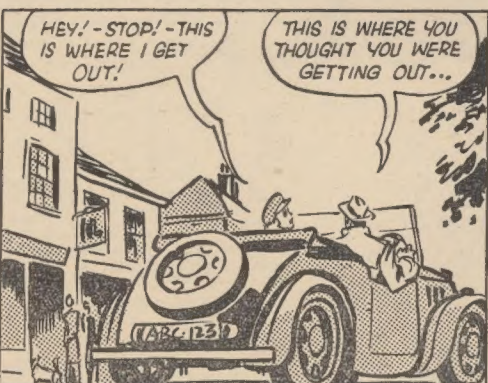
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GINGER'S DREAM CAME TRUE

By DICK GORDON



KATHERINE McMARTH is the real name—to you and ten million more, Ginger Rogers. She changed her name and became a star.

With a dream house in Hollywood, a 1,000-acre ranch in Southern Oregon, and a contract from R.K.O. Radio Pictures, worth a fortune, in her pocket, she stands on the top rung of the ladder of film fame.

But it didn't happen just like that. Take a peek at her thirty-one years and see how she did it.

Ginger Rogers was born on July 16, 1911, in a tiny, white-fronted bungalow in Missouri.

Two years after baby Katherine was born the parents separated, and Lela Owens took her daughter to the Kansas City home of her people, where Katherine spent her childhood, and gained her nickname of Ginger. The Charleston set Miss Rogers's feet on the first rung of the ladder of fame.

Winning a competition open to all Texas for the best dancer of the Charleston, she was offered a contract to lead a troupe of girls, to be known as Ginger Rogers and her Redheads, as a reward. It was a small contract, mostly of one-night-stand dates, but it was a start in the right direction, and Ginger never hesitated: she accepted.

The second rung of the ladder came a little later, when she was booked by Paramount to appear in a series of large stage interludes at some of their cinemas. With her salary climbing to £70 a week, Broadway, neon-lit, flashing, heart-breaking Broadway, goal of show people all over America, appeared on the horizon. Her debut along the Great White Way was the musical revue, "Top Speed," and this was followed by a role in the Gershwin musical, "Girl Crazy," which ran for 45 weeks, during which Ginger Rogers made her first appearance in movies, "in her spare time."

Meanwhile, when she was only 17, Miss Rogers made her first venture into matrimony, choosing vaudeville dancer and one-time Texas playmate Jack Culpepper for the experiment. The idea didn't prove much of a success, however, and within the year Miss Rogers was free again.

In 1930 Ginger Rogers made the now inevitable trek to Hollywood, never to return. With a salary of £300 a week, she was said to be "the highest-paid working girl of her age in the entire U.S."

The road to film fame proved as hard as that to Broadway had been. Several films brought her little attention. Then, in 1933, after three years' hard work for which she could show very little, she was cast with Fred Astaire in his film, "Flying Down to Rio." It was this movie which earned for her the first rave-notice from the critics, and the first real attention from the movie-going millions.

From then on Ginger Rogers swept up the ladder quickly. As partner to the twinkling-footed, work-crazy Astaire, she had to be prepared to rehearse, rehearse, and rehearse.

The Astaire-Rogers team made celluloid history, making film after film, every one a terrific winner. Recall some of the titles of those movies—"The Gay Divorce," "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," "Swing Time," and "Shall We Dance." Lovely films, all of them.

On top of the world, Ginger decided to try matrimony again, marrying film actor Lew Ayres. But this venture proved hardly more successful than the first, and Ginger was handed her second divorce. Again she was free.

All the time she was worrying R.K.O. Radio to let her have straight parts, and gradually she began to get them. One of her first chances was in a delightful little film, "In Person," and this was soon followed by her first big chance, the co-starring part with Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door." From then on there was never much doubt about her achieving her ambition. Several straight parts culminated in her "Kitty Foyle," which won her the most coveted prize in movies, the gold "Oscar."

In "Roxie Hart" there is a moment when we get a glimpse of the girl who danced her way to fame; in the prison she does a delightfully neat and clever little tap routine up and down the iron stairway. She has not forgotten the feet that brought her to the top.

As one of the outstanding stars of the screen, Miss Rogers now chooses her own films—limited to three a year—and decides which company she will go to work for. Though not in any way big-headed, she knows that at the box-offices of the world she is worth as much as any star in America, and plays her hand accordingly.

Miss Rogers has blonde hair and green eyes; is just 5ft. 6in. tall. Her hobbies include drawing and sculpture. In January, 1943, she made a third adventure into wedlock, marrying Jack Briggs, her "dream man."

Good Morning



This England The old-world Mill Pond at Swanage.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE A SPLASH, SISTER



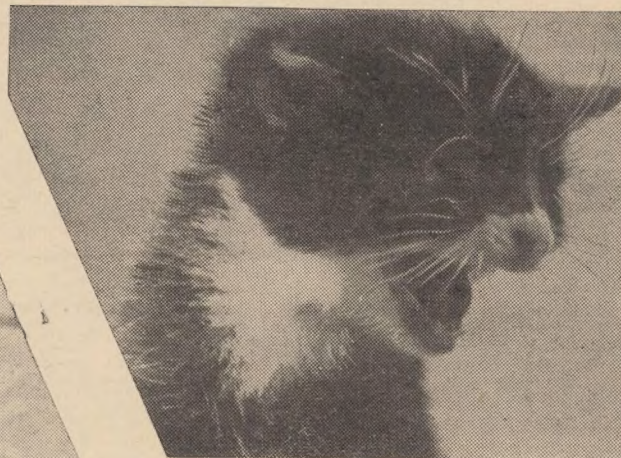
"All right . . . don't get on your hind legs about it."



"Aw, nuts. You're like a bear with a sore head, yourself."



"I'm trying hard to hold this pleasant smile, but I do wish he'd hurry up, then I can play again and get really dirty."



I HATE YOU,
I HATE YOU,
I HATE YOU

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Three eights are twenty-four, child."

